

# lemonzsaauce

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## ... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called [lemonzsaauce.com](http://lemonzsaauce.com) where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies - like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit [lemonzsaauce.com/donate](http://lemonzsaauce.com/donate) to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

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## DISCLAIMER

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*This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Pokémon universe, which is trademarked by The Pokémon Company. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.*

## WARNING

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*This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.*

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**J. J. SCRIPTEASE**

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# **FIRST TIME CHARM**

(A Pokémon Fanfic)



## **Synopsis**

When Wally, a growing adolescent boy, bumps into an experienced female Trainer in the woods, he discovers he needs more than just help catching his first pokémon.

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# First Time Charm

*A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease*

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“WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

Leaves trembled as a bloodcurdling scream rippled through the woods of Route 102. Seedot scampered into bushes and Taillow fluttered from treetops. Hurried feet carried the frantic boy through blurs of thick trees, his shrub of green hair bobbling past the tips of tall grass. Wally hadn't stopped sprinting since he spotted her a mile away. Her pink bowl hat stood out against the backdrop of earthy colours. Heart thrashing against his ribcage, he closed in on the lone girl.

“Help!” he cried between desperate huffs. “Somebody! Anybody! It's gonna eat me!”

“Huh?” She whipped round at the sudden approach of urgent footsteps. “Hey, kid, slow down!” Wally zoomed past the stunned girl and hid behind her like a human shield, his face nestled in the small of her back. “What's going on?!”

“I'm being chased by a monster!”

“Wha-??”

“That Zigzagoon wants to make me his lunch!” His legs trembled behind her much longer pair.

“What Zigzagoon? There's nothing here.”

“Huh. R-really?” Wally poked his head from behind her hip to take a look for himself. Nothing but rocks and fallen leaves trailed the dirt path he'd just come hurtling down whilst screaming his head off.

“See?” said his random protector. “Nothing to be afraid of.”

She was right. Of course she was right. “Oh.” His knees stopped shaking.

“If you really were being chased by a Zigzagoon, you must’ve outrun it.” She looked out in the vacant direction he’d come from. “Still totally weird though. Zigzagoon are not known for being aggressive towards humans.”

Wally emerged from her cover and touched the tips of his index fingers together bashfully. “Um, you seem to know a lot about pokémon, Miss. Are you a Trainer?”

“Huh? Me?” His compliment caught her off guard. “I guess you could say that, hehe. I’m a Pokémon Performer and you don’t need to call me ‘Miss’. The name’s Serena.”

“I’m Wally. N-nice to meet you, Miss – I mean, Serena.”

She gave him a friendly smile. Performer or Trainer or whatever she deemed herself, Serena had the look of someone who knew what they were doing. At least one foot taller than him, the fresh-faced girl must’ve been a couple of years his senior, a young teen who’d set off on her own pokémon journey as soon as she’d come of legal age. And while his curious gaze sized her up from head to toe and back again, Wally contemplated what other contexts of ‘legal age’ she might’ve ascribed to...

Her incredibly long legs nearly stood the length of his entire body, wrapped in grey thigh-high socks that accentuated their slenderness. If she ever gave up on pokémon, he could easily envision her strutting down a catwalk. She had her tight-fitting grey tank top tucked into her red high-waisted skirt, a look as enticing as it was fashion-forward. The gap between her tall socks and short skirt offered an ample glimpse of milky, upper thigh. If Wally was but a foot shorter, he might’ve been staring right up her pearly gates.

As it were, his smaller stature aligned his sights with her crammed tank top. It didn’t take a pervert to notice how her protruding breasts stretched the fabric between them, how a wily squint of his eyes brought focus to the little nipple prints formed in the teen’s top. A nervous sweat-drop trailed down his brow. *She’s so slender and stacked and... braless?*

Oh no. He was doing it again. His mind was wandering to that place that made him feel all weird and funny inside. Quick, he needed something to distract him! “So, um...” He hauled his wandering gaze back north, where honey-blonde locks flowed out of her hat and flanked her sea-blue eyes. “Do you mind if I ask you something, Miss?”

“Not at all.” The tall Trainer placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder and bent forward to meet him eye-to-eye. “Since you’re so polite, you can ask me whatever you want, little guy.”

“Well, uh...” He broke into a sweat. She’d gotten so close! How could he not gawk at the bulging bosom thrust into his young face?! So close he could see the outline of areolae through her thin grey top. Gosh, he’d embarrass himself if his body started acting up again and did that weird thing it did the other night. What was it about pretty girls that discombobulated him all of a sudden? “Can you...” He tugged on his hot collar and tried again. “Can you help me catch a pokémon?”

“Oh, that’s it? Of course I can!” She ruffled his hair as though he was some cute, helpless toddler – the standard response from older girls. They liked to treat him like the little brother they never had. “So that’s what you’re doing out here all on your own, huh?”

“Yeah. I- I saw this cool Ralts back there and thought it would make for the perfect starter pokémon! But then this Zigzagoon came out of nowhere and...” He looked down at his shoes, muddied from all the running. “Well, you know the rest.”

“Aw, don’t worry. I’ll help ya! Although...” She raised a thoughtful finger to her chin. “Are you sure you want a Ralts? A psychic type can be a little trickier to handle compared to your standard starters.”

She thought him too frail to capture it, too, huh? What was it with everyone underestimating him? He’d show her. “It has to be Ralts.” Wally stated his decision with more conviction than anything he’d stuttered or muttered up to that point.

Taken aback by how determined the timid boy sounded all of a sudden, Serena didn’t bother trying to persuade him otherwise. “All right then.” She fished a Poké Ball from her pink handbag and held it up to her chest, leaving him gobsmacked at how the red and white sphere looked no bigger than a marble next to her right tit. “Let’s go get you a Ralts!”

...

Ralts hadn’t sensed the danger behind it, the Poké Ball looming in Wally’s shaky grasp. Serena’s sweet-scented fragrance wafted in from behind his ear. “Easy,” she whispered

to maintain their stealthy presence. “All you have to do is...” Her calm hand slid over his trembling grip. He flinched and would’ve dropped the Poké Ball if not for her cool digits closing all around his. “Pull back.” She gently guided a pitching motion. “Keep your eyes on the prize.” He narrowed his vision on the little, green head as sweat rolled down his nose. “Then, when you’re ready...” She retracted her guiding hand and took three quiet steps backwards. “Take aim,” she whispered distantly, “And –”

Wally shifted his right foot.

Ralts heard it, whipped around.

“Oh sh- quickly!” Serena cried.

Wally panicked, pitched the ball as fast and hard as his little arm could muster. All the determination in the world – none of the aim. Ralts dove into the bush in front of it and so did the Poké Ball, two feet away from its target.

Wally slumped to his knees and bowed his head. “Oh, man. I really suck at this.”

“Hey, you’ll get there.” She patted his head. It was meant to be reassuring but it felt condescending. “Let’s try again, shall we? I’ll go get the Poké Ball.”

Her waist-long hair brushed the back of her skirt in a low ponytail. Wally stayed on his knees and enjoyed the view. His young eyes hovered round the hem of her skirt as he secretly hoped for a rude enough breeze to lift the garment off her backside. The wind didn’t do him any favours. But, Serena did.

Retrieving the misfired Poké Ball from the bush required the leggy teen to bend her long body over. Her skirt rode up and pulled his gaze immediately. The blasé Trainer preoccupied herself with picking up the Poké Ball. Cute, little butt cheeks winked at him from the bottom of her skirt, small yet perky. It looked like she wasn’t wearing any underwear, up until she crawled halfway into the bush, gifting him a wider shot of her pert rear. The pleated skirt unveiled the thinnest of black strips sandwiched between her cheeks, with glimpses of labia sticking out either side.

What was that she’d said, ‘Keep your eyes on the prize?’ Wally certainly was...

No! He shut his eyes and turned away. What was *wrong* with him? It wasn’t too late to do the decent thing. His shut lids trembled with resistance, till a crack formed in his left,

and a shifty pupil peeked out the corner. The tantalising thong awaited him right where he left it. Her exposed ass wiggled as she rummaged for the Poké Ball muttering, “Now where’d that darn thing go?” Wally berated himself for hoping she wouldn’t find it just yet.

He turned away. Shouldn’t have been looking. He couldn’t not look. Took another peek. Her ass wiggled. Screwed his eyes shut. *What’s wrong with me?!* Snuck another peek. Still wiggling. Shut his eyes.

While he vacillated between decency and opportunity, a bright flash of lavender erupted from the bush. Both his eyes shot wide open.

What the...?

The burst of light lasted no longer than a second, and appeared to have done no more damage than someone flicking a flashlight on and off. Wally noticed one distinct difference though – the girl who’d promised to help him catch his first pokémon had stopped moving.

At the moment of the flash, the half of her body sticking out of the bush suddenly stiffened, her skirt falling limply to cover her rear.

“Serena...?” Any excitement to be had from ogling her evaporated at the thought she might’ve been seriously hurt. “Are you alright? Serena?” She remained frozen on her knees, not a peep of her voice or a single motion to indicate she could hear him. “Oh no.” He gnawed at his nails. “Oh no, oh no, oh no. What do I do now?!” It was his fault she’d ended up like this. He had to get help. Someone out there had to know what happened and how to fix it. Assuming it could even be fixed. What if she was... “No.” He shook his head. “I can’t think like that. I’ll get help.” He climbed back to his feet and dusted off his knees. “I’ll be right back, okay? I promise everything will be just fine, Serena. Se... rena?”

Her right boot just twitched!

Not much, but phew, at least his worst fears were abated. She still wouldn’t answer to the sound of his voice however. Relief welled up in his chest as he watched mobility return to the selfless Trainer. Slowly, she crawled backwards out of the bush and stood tall with her back towards him, and – more crucially – with one fist clutching the fugitive Poké Ball.

“You found it!” he cheered. But he was the only one celebrating. “Serena?” Bemusement watered down his spirit. “What’s the matter? Did something happen?”

All her movements seemed a little... off. Almost robotic. Shoulders straight and stiff, she rotated on her feet without moving any part of her body required for a complete 180. A vacant expression seized her features, as though someone had frozen her face a second after she'd seen a ghost, a second before she'd screamed. Her arms hung limp at her sides while each boot shuffled ahead of the other. He saw her eyes. If they were windows to the soul then someone left the curtains open while nobody was home. An eerie purple hue glazed her sapphire orbs, masking her countenance through a vague and unreadable fog.

She stepped forward.

He stepped back. "Serena...?" It was the only thing he could say despite being certain she couldn't hear a word. What was he supposed to do? She advanced in short and slow steps, and yet, he felt cornered, flatfooted, like the soon-to-be victim of a horror movie killer ambling at a snail's pace. Was she going to – he gulped – hurt him?

His flight-or-fight brain began to calculate his chances at defending himself. She posed the clear height advantage, and incredible reach with those long, slender legs of hers, but could he overpower her? Maybe. She was still a girl after all, with little to no muscle definition to speak of. Not that he had any either. And who knew what heightened physical attributes she might've taken on in this state? He'd probably lose. Run? She'd catch him if she tried, wouldn't she? For every three steps he took, she'd probably cover them in one. But he had to try?

Overwhelmed and fraught with anxiety, Wally stood there shaking like a leaf, his eyes screwed shut hoping his predicament would resolve itself, somehow. He sensed her tall, looming figure cast its dark shadow over him.

"Ash..."

*Hub? Ash? Is she speaking in code or something?*

"Ash..."

*What does ash have to do with anything? Is something burning around here?*

"Ash..."

His eyes shot open, fraught and frustrated. "Why do you keep saying –"

“Ash.”

“Huh?” Her face... she'd gone pink under her heart-coloured eyes, seeing something he couldn't.

“Ash!”

“Serena, why are you looking at me like th—”

*THUD* – the Poké Ball dropped right next to her boots, which now loomed but one metre away from his small shoes. “Ash!”

“Wha...?!” Wally stumbled back as she charged him in quick, long strides. She closed the distance faster than he could say ‘what the ash?’ and clutched the sides of his head in both her hands. He screwed his eyes shut. *Oh God, she's going to squish my head in, isn't she?! 'Don't talk to strangers.' Why couldn't I just have listened to Mom? Now this weirdo is... is... wait, what is she doing?*

The frightened boy opened his eyes and noted his head *hadn't* been viciously caved in. Not only that, but her grip was soft to the touch, her fingers raking through his bob of green hair with more affection than oppression. If she wanted to crush his head in, she was going about it in the gentlest way imaginable, so much so, he found himself soothed by her cranium massage rather than intimidated. *What gives?*

Wally glanced up and discovered two glaring details: one, the pinkness in her cheeks had spread and intensified, and secondly, her nipples had swelled to significantly large and erect proportions – any larger, in fact, and they might've poked holes through her tank top and gouged him in the eyes.

“Whooooaaa...!”

The bulging sight was almost too much for his infantile mind to process. He never knew uttering the word ‘ash’ over and over again could make nipples grow like that. Girls sure had weird bodies. He looked down at his own shirt and it remained indifferently flat. Maybe it was a different word for boys. Whatever the case, Wally couldn't deny the puffy chest in front of him was infinitely more interesting to study.

Watching him watching her, Serena giggled the kind of giggle you'd give when someone did something cute or silly. "Oh, Ash." Just when Wally thought she'd taken his gawking rather well, the busty teen yanked his ears, pulling him face-first into her chest!

Her strength caught him off-guard. So much for outmuscling her; he couldn't even dislodge himself from her bosom! His arms flailed uselessly while he suffocated in her chest. Muffled pleas landed on deaf tits, doing nothing to break the misguided bliss enchanting her rosy features. Darkness consumed his vision as he rubbed against her tank top, his nose brushing the supple mounds holding him prisoner. At least they didn't feel so bad. They didn't feel bad at all.

So big and soft and swathed in her fragrance...

The young boy soon found himself not wriggling to escape, but wriggling to explore. He'd never seen a girl's boobies this close, let alone tried to touch them. Let alone rubbed his face in them. The last time his lips loomed this close to nipples he was feeding on them. Although Serena looked and smelt nothing like his mom; although Wally was much too old to expect nourishment from a female; although everything about this random encounter with a stranger was utterly outrageous; some innate part of him was drawn to the erect nub mere millimetres from his cheek.

He didn't know what it was about her standing nipples – perhaps it was the fact they were standing at all – but they sure looked like they wanted attention. Like they wanted to tear through her tank top. Like they wanted to be seen. Felt. Licked.

It was no accident each shake of his head edged him closer to her hardened peaks. He brushed his mouth against one. She didn't flinch, didn't loosen her hold. Wally hadn't asked to be smothered in mammary glands, but when life gave you melons, well...

He closed his mouth over her left nipple. Sucked.

Serena shuddered, as though she hadn't expected the young boy to take advantage of the situation thrust upon him. Who wouldn't have?

Wally unmouthed her teat and backed away as far as her outstretched arm would allow. An apology stammered out his lips. She appeared neither annoyed nor angry. Her glazed over expression hadn't changed. Admiration twinkled in her purple eyes. "Ash..."

Wally received a smile that wasn't addressed to him. Caressing the back of his hair, she drew him back to her expectant nipple.

It didn't take a body language expert to decode what she wanted him to do. What *he* wanted to do. Wally all but licked his chops staring at the nipple he'd already sampled. But, "Serena, are you sure this is oka-mmmph?!"

A mound of tank top stuffed his mouth. Guess that was a 'yes'?

Wally suckled on the girl's teat over her clothing. It was rubbery and tasted like cotton. Not altogether delicious, yet strangely addictive. His slapdash tongue circled, rubbed and rolled all around and over her nipple, with no sense of purpose or direction. He acted out this inexplicable urge to fit as much of her breast into his mouth as he could. Had he... always wanted to do this to a girl? Not that he could remember. Something about Serena, about her body, about her well-rounded chest, just made him want to... do all sorts of things that made zero sense.

Like suck on her nipples. For no apparent reason. It wasn't as though milk dribbled out; at least he couldn't taste any through the fabric. He shouldn't have been suckling on some stranger's dairy in any case. So why, oh why, did the urge to latch onto the teenager's boobs become so overwhelming?

His twitchy hands didn't wait for an answer. Before he could blink, both palms wandered to her bountiful chest. The little imp inside him muttered, 'squeeze!' A voice he'd never heard before, not this loud or fervid. He'd developed a second brain and it hijacked his sensibilities, leaving him a passenger as his nails dug into her tank top, sank through her lady lumps like soft dough.

Boobs. Felt. *AMAZING!*

Eyes bulging at how the supple mounds squished and contorted in her top, Wally groped the teenage breasts with all the awe of newfound discovery. Her nipples protruded even more when his clasps elongated her mammary tissue. Drooling, he latched his lips around each one and took turns sucking them.

She mewled at his aggressive curiosity. "Ash..." and "ooh, Ash..." and "hnnng, Ash..." dribbled from her hot lips. 'Ash', Wally deduced, could only be someone's name. Someone

she apparently didn't mind fondling and nibbling her boobs. Her boyfriend? Did Wally look like him or something? What would happen when she realised he *wasn't* this Ash person?

Suddenly suffering a crisis of conscious, Wally unhandled the busty teen and took two steps back, leaving dark, damp blotches around her tank top's areolae regions.

"Ash?" Serena put on a bemused 'hey, why did you stop?' expression.

"No, I'm not... I-I shouldn't..." Wally backed away as she advanced towards him. He fretted. She didn't get it. What if this Ash guy turned out to be some big, burly, musclebound meathead that took objection to strangers groping his girlfriend? Wally might get his face pounded in quicker than he could cry, 'Wait, I can explain!'

"Ash... what are you doing, silly?" She continued advancing on him, stars twinkling in her clouded eyes.

Wally waved his hands frantically in front of him. "I'm not – whoa!" The back of his foot caught a rock and dumped him on his arse. "Oomph!" While he rubbed his sore behind, the leggy Trainer shortened the distance between them. Fretting, he continued his retreat pushing on his heels, dragging his butt across the grass. He raised an arm up yielding a futile 'stop' gesture. "I'm not who you think I am! My name's Wally, remember? I only wanted help catching pokémon! I'm not Aaa... aaah?"

The word 'Ash' morphed into a curious gasp as Serena untucked her tank top and lifted up the hem. Wally fell silent when her whopping set of tits dropped into the open...

...maybe he could be Ash just a little bit longer?

Wally couldn't believe his luck. With the grey top rolled over her cleavage, Serena divulged wonders his young eyes shouldn't have been privy to for at least several years. Her big boobies jiggled with every step toward him, freed nipples rigid on the ends of peach-coloured areolae.

How. Completely. *AWESOME!*

Her impeccable rack stalled his retreat. Wally froze, propped on his elbows, jaw hung in serendipity. None of the girls he knew made him look twice. Granted, at around his age, they'd barely begun to develop womanly curves. Practically topless, the teenager he'd just met crawled towards him on all fours, murmuring "Ash" in a vague, husky mantra. He trained his

sights on her dangling tits, hypnotised by their subtle wobbles left and right. Hypnotised. Hypnotised...

He broke his daze and found her eyes. Glazed in deep purple. He hadn't thought what it meant till now, till she crawled her face closer to his. She'd ventured into that bush blue-eyed and came out... like this, emotion washed off her visage. Distractions had stalled him from putting two and two together. He couldn't ignore it now, not when it stared him in the face, not when he could see his own reflection in her purple mirrors. What could *she* see though?

"Ash..." The hypnotised girl loomed over Wally, stopping her knee an inch before his crotch. Bare breasts flooded the width of his vision. She massaged the back of his head, held him steady, then pressed her bosom flat into his face. "Ooh, Ash."

Softer-than-soft flesh pillows rubbed into his cheeks and brow and nose and chin. Blinded in bliss, swathed in tits, Wally could suffocate on the fragrance of mango crush mingled with breast sweat, and still somehow bear a dreamy, lopsided grin when the next person stumbled upon his body. Her tits descended from the heavens and no one could tell him otherwise. Amid her feverish rubbing, he felt the coarseness of her nipples drag across one cheek, then roll down over his eyelid, then brush against the tip of his nose. All he'd had to do was open his mouth and, soon enough, one zigzagging nip slipped into his trap. He sucked hard.

"Aah!" she moaned aloud. "A-Ash, mmm! Ooh, yes..."

She liked it, Wally realised. She really liked it. Her vocalisations encouraged him to latch on, his teeth-free bite seizing the breast like a Poochyena with a chew toy. No fabric to stifle the indistinct taste of teat. He pulled the wobbly flesh into his mouth with lewd sucking noises and shook it. She moaned and mewled another's name. Erotic shudders rocked her body, shuffled her knee against his crotch – that was when Wally realised it was happening again.

That... weird sensation in the pit of his loins. Like something was tingling, stirring, filling up. Every inadvertent brush of her knee roused an uncanny friction that only seemed to further agitate his groin region...

He'd first experienced it three weeks ago in his room watching a televised Gym Battle between Kasumi, the Cerulean City Gym Leader, and a hopeful Trainer looking to obtain the Cascade Badge. Wally had intended to make notes for when he challenged Kasumi himself; only, the star of the show proved not to be either one of the Trainers' pokémon, but the sleek, white, risqué swimsuit barely conserving the Gym Leader's athletic form. He could've sworn even the cameramen more often zoomed in on her than the action playing out on the battlefield. Things started to feel weird inside his pants. And it got worse when the images of Kasumi followed him into bed that night. He tossed and turned and the only thing that seemed to abate his restlessness was rubbing his prickly groin against the mattress...

Not unlike the way Serena nuzzled her knee in his crotch. Wally peeked below the smothering of her breasts to spot a small-yet-noticeable hike in his trousers.

*Oh my gosh! This cannot be happening right now!*

What if Serena saw?! How was he supposed to explain that, lately, his body did weird, random things at weird, random times he had no control over?

*What's... happening to me?*

Was this punishment for looking at Kasumi too long? Something at the time told him it was wrong. But something stronger glued him to the screen. The same something that had slithered into his mind the instant he spotted Serena.

How embarrassing.

He snuck a hand to hide the bump in his pants, hoping she'd be too distracted to notice. What kind of freak randomly swelled up at a time like this? He'd never have a girlfriend at this rate.

"Oh, Ash," Serena said in a naughty voice, "Looks like someone is getting a little excited."

"Wh-whaa...? E-e-e-excited?" He gulped. What was so exciting about humiliating himself in front of a pretty girl? "N-nope. Not me!" He pressed down his pants and tried to flatten them by force. "Eh hehe..." *Come on, you stupid thing – stay down!*

Serena chuckled. "Silly, silly Ash Ketchum. Still don't remember me from summer camp?"

“Huh? From... summer camp?” Wally was pretty sure he would’ve never forgotten a girl like Serena.

“Yes. You helped me. Remember?”

“I... did?”

She wiped her chest up his face, big boobies brushing either side of his nose. “Mhm. And all I ever wanted was to...” She motorboated the bemused youngster. “Thank you.”

Wally turned his face from her bosom to take a huge swig of air. “Well... consider me thanked,” he droned dreamily.

She giggled. “Sillyhead. We haven’t even done anything yet.”

*Not done anything yet?!* Wally begged to differ.

Her phrasing made him wonder though; had she and Ash never done this stuff before? Presuming he was the Ash she was talking to, Serena’s wording might’ve suggested she was enacting a fantasy. Maybe she and Ash weren’t girlfriend and boyfriend like Wally pictured. He couldn’t know the depths of whatever powerful spell had befallen the randy teenager. She’d be sorely disappointed when the purple lust evaporated from her eyes.

But till it did, Wally was as much Ash Ketchum as Ash Ketchum could be.

“Always found it adorable how oblivious you are,” Serena poured hot, husky breath in the boy’s ear. She inched closer with every word, eclipsing the sun as her long shadow bathed his diminutive form, brewing the same tension he felt whenever a teacher loomed over his desk to check his poorly-done homework. And Wally was in poor form, trembling, the sweat beads on his brow multiplying despite the coolness of shade. Her mere proximity prickled his nerves, the fear she’d discover the embarrassing situation ruining his pants. She grinned in his ear as though she’d read his thoughts. “No need to be shy.”

She smoothed her hand over his. And Wally realised, with alarm exploding in his eyes, she would’ve been touching his zip area if it wasn’t barricaded. *Crap! How does she know?!* Hurriedly, the young boy shuffled his second hand over his first, reinforcing the barrier to his growing bump. “W-wait, don’t...” She couldn’t see him like this!

The possessed Trainer giggled off his concerns and stroked him over the hands piled atop his crotch. He spared himself direct contact but her insistent palm stirred him in ways that made his trousers feel increasingly tighter. Not only did she know something peculiar was happening to him, she seemed determined to stoke the fire.

She shoved her big knockers in his face and whispered hot nothings that raised the hairs on the back of his neck. He didn't understand every word of her mature utterances, but got the sense she was being extremely perverted, murmuring the kind of things a girl her age shouldn't have murmured to a boy his age. She was strong, too – or he was weak – strong enough to uncoil the fingers on his upper hand. Sweating, Wally clenched his remaining digits over his crotch for dear life. He could still hold out! Eyes screwed shut, he tightened his grip. But Wally hadn't anticipated she'd stick her tongue in his ear.

“Uuuwaaahhh...”

He recoiled at her wet flicks, more ticklish than they were unpleasant. Not ticklish in the way that made you want to laugh. Ticklish in the way that – “No!” he gasped, but it was too late; she'd already outmuscled his defences amid the sly diversion and manoeuvred her hand directly onto his trousers.

“Mmm, yes, Ash...” She purred and giggled in the same breath. “So... *hard*.”

“H-hey! Let go!” Even with both hands clasped around her slender wrist, Wally couldn't wrestle the teen off of him. *What is this strength?!* Her palm seemed glued to his pants. She casually rubbed him up and down despite his panicked confusion. Pinned to the ground, he lay at the mercy of the taller, stronger girl. Heavy breasts smothered the redness on his face, his embarrassment growing in tandem with his tented trousers. “Wait a s-sec, d-d-don't... you're making it –”

“So hard!” she squealed.

Wally knew he'd lost the battle when her hand burrowed into his trousers. A feeble layer of briefs stalled direct contact, but it was contact enough to have him wriggling with novel sensations and lewd awakenings. Whatever pleasures she inflicted upon him rushed through his bones and had him tingling between the ears. Excitement. A strange excitement swelling and scorching and screaming inside him. He wanted her to stop touching him. And he also didn't.

Had anyone trotted past their secluded neck of Route 102, they might just have stumbled upon a teenage girl digging through a little boy's pants while his empty Poké Ball slept a few feet away; not a Ralts, not a creature in sight. Not a soul to untether the ravenous bundle of lust on top off him.

Wally felt the same strange sensations he'd fought the night Kasumi infiltrated his dreams – the tightness in his pants, now occupied by a real hand, a hot friction that rubbed back like his mattress couldn't. She cupped his delicacies with rolling digits. His limp hands fell away from her wrist, surrendered control. He'd have never guessed being touched down there could feel so... argh... unbearably pleasant. Whatever was happening to him, Wally just... let it.

His muffled mewls went unheard as the older girl diddled him in the woods.

Then she tugged down on his waistband.

He gasped. Was this stranger trying to strip him naked?!

Wally's mom instilled in him never to let anyone see his private parts. Or touch them. He never understood why she'd said it, or why anyone would even want to feel his pee dispenser in the first place (gross!), and he'd walked away from the conversation scratching his head. Still, she'd convinced him it was wrong, what Serena was attempting was wrong. He clutched his pants with both hands.

Serena tugged but he held firm. She gave a strained grunt and tried again. "Now's..." She pulled once more. "Not the time..." *PULL*. "To be shy... Ash..." She pulled after every word and he pulled back to cover the little she'd divulge. "Let go," she begged.

Wally fretted. Just how long had she been craving this Ash guy? The craze in her eyes deepened to a sadistic violet. She wouldn't let up and he wouldn't let go.

Beyond the wrongness of her antics, he was desperate not to lose the tug of war on his pants for fear of her reaction. He had a worrisome feeling she wouldn't like what she saw; that she'd somehow snap out of her enchantment and recognise he wasn't who she wanted him to be. Although, his mind hadn't quite decided why that would've been a bad thing.

When only half her strength failed to get her over the line, Serena brought her second hand to the scrimmage. He had no chance against her reinforced strength. She yanked and

dragged his pants halfway down his thighs along with his frail hands trying to thwart her. His bulgy briefs excited her eyes, and alarmed his. Why did it look as though someone had stuffed something lumpy in his underwear? *What the freak is wrong with me?!* If Serena was in her right mind, she would've been laughing at him – he was sure of it – but since she wasn't, the spellbound teen compounded his humiliation by pulling down his briefs, too.

Horror filled the white of his eyes. The stick of hard, standing flesh couldn't be his wiener, and yet, it appeared to be attached to him exactly where his wiener would've been. It looked freaky and... swollen? Swollen in its girth, swollen from bottom to top – the pink crown swollen to mushroom-tip proportions – swollen, as if a Beedrill had somehow stung him through the pants when he hadn't been paying attention. Except, it didn't hurt or sting or anything like that. Oddly, it was a pinch of relief Wally experienced most, relief from the tight underwear he'd literally just grown out of. He didn't know his penis was capable of such a feat. How did that happen? When? Why...?

All those questions flew over Serena's clouded head without a second thought, or a first. Her focus persisted on dragging his pants and underwear as far down his legs as she could, a struggle made easier by the unexpected erection distracting him. Weird how his wiener just kind of stood there in the chill of open air looking all... weird.

The titillated youth tilted his head and studied his own anatomy like a Hoenn native who'd never seen a Diglett rise out of the earth. Serena's intrigue was more direct, pinching his shaft between her thumb and two slender digits, delicate as though it were a twig she could accidentally snap. Touching his penis in its swollen state did not hurt like he'd feared it might; not that he would've been agile or mindful enough to stop her anyway.

The sight of his engorged member hadn't mortified the teenage girl. It was almost as if she'd seen this before, done this before. Maybe... he wasn't as strange a specimen as he'd imagined?

His gentle handler laid a sultry gaze upon his bewildered features. "I see... you've been thinking about me, Ash..."

"Wha...?" What made her think that? Was it the dumb glaze in his eyes? This was going too far. "I... d-don't even know you, l-lady... can I put my pants back on now?"

“Put them back on?!” she squeaked as if it was the most ridiculous thing she’d heard all week. “You’re so silly, Ash. There will be plenty of time to put them back on when we’re done.”

“When we’re... done?” Done what exactly?

Slowly, she began to stroke him up and down, her finger pads gently tugging the flesh of his little, pink erection...

Well, *that* certainly didn’t hurt.

She stirred the same sensations he’d discovered grinding on his mattress – only, stronger, more intense. How did she know? The thought of touching himself the way she did with her long, slender fingers would’ve never occurred to him; though, perhaps, he’d been mimicking the motions without realising it. To think, a complete stranger could know his wiener better than he did, and a girl at that!

Her three digits alone more than adequately stroked his boyhood, bemusement and pleasure twitching in his tilted features. She wore a grin on her entranced face that said she knew he liked what she was doing. And she was right. The thought of dragging his pants back up from his knees was a distant memory. His eyes stayed fixated on the teen’s slender digits, up and down, moving his hardened flesh, faster, faster, more intently – till he gasped and writhed beneath the mounting pleasure of her blurred fingers.

“Nnngg... uhhh...” Holy sh-! Something was happening. He didn’t know what but he’d felt it building. And building. And *building*. Somewhere in his loins, a pressure, a torrent growing with her upturn in pace. It almost felt like he wanted to pee. Except not really. Not normal pee, not the normal sensation. Whatever this mounting urge was could only end in embarrassment. “Ooh... w-wai- s-s-stop!”

She did.

Wally stared in disbelief. She actually stopped. Her hand finally crept away and gave him an unobstructed view of his swollen penis. To his astonishment, it appeared even bigger than before she’d started jerking him, at least an inch taller in defiance of gravity.

*Freaky...*

That trick she did with her fingers – he mused, missing her touch already – he’d have to try that on his own when he got back home. Little did he expect, the teenage girl had even more tricks to blow his young mind.

Serena crawled backwards on her hands and knees, the sun blaring in his eyes as her eclipsing form shrunk away. He propped onto his left elbow and raised his right hand like a shield against the glaring light.

Under the shade of his makeshift visor, Wally met the sight of Serena’s sultry features hovering in the biosphere of his erection, and she looked all too unperturbed by her proximity to male genitalia. For reasons he couldn’t understand, his private parts appeared to be as captivating to her as her big boobies were to him. Maybe that’s what Mrs. Suzie meant whenever she spoke of opposites attracting.

So captivated she was, Serena laid a small kiss on his swollen mushroom tip. The surprise in his face fed something devilish inside the possessed girl, a look of pure mischief tugging one corner of her lips. He didn’t get why anybody would put their mouth on something he peed from, or grin about it right after. Her peckish stare-down, he imagined, was the kind of expression a Torracat donned before devouring the Magikarp she’d swiped out of shallow waters. Well, Wally lay ensnared by the pink gloss of her lips, by her bountifully hung breasts, her deeply-charmed eyes. The overwhelmed youngster had no response when she flicked her long hair out the way and closed her mouth over the bulbous dome of his penis.

Under normal circumstances, ‘gross!’ would be his automatic response, but the sheer warmth that suddenly swathed half his erection detracted from the realisation a girl had just put his boy parts in her mouth. He thought back to how his helicopter mom would slap foreign objects out of his hand before they wound up anywhere near his little choppers, “don’t eat that, it’s dirty!” she’d chastise. Serena’s mom was probably never like that. And if she was, she’d probably have a heart attack seeing the junk her daughter just swept up.

A whole penis. In her mouth.

Wally looked flabbergasted.

If there was anything yucky about his wiener, he couldn’t tell from Serena’s steadfast sucking and head-bobbing. She muttered no sounds of displeasure, only curious purrs and the

occasional ‘mmnn’. Her white-rimmed sunglasses teetered on her visor with every dip of her head, and some obsessive, compulsive part of him yearned to set them straight or pull them off altogether. He didn’t want to break her momentum either though. She kept her head bowed low and her face hidden behind the pink rim of her hat. He made out little more than the tip of her nose, and her glossy chops gliding down his shaft then back up again.

His tummy teemed with nerves and mirth and fright and excitement, the thrills of tasting pleasures beyond his comprehension, beyond his age rights. The moist grip of her lips pulled stuttering gasps from the breadth of his diaphragm. Every squeak and wrangling moan sounded afraid to escape, to admit his joy, to attract any disturbance that might bring a premature end to his exploits. *This is really happening.* Wally was actually getting his wiener sucked by a pretty girl!

And it felt *good*. His classmates would be so jealous, the boys anyway. They wouldn’t believe it. He wouldn’t have either if it weren’t his own penis disappearing and reappearing from the girl’s warm orifice, often with a sleek coat of saliva.

She consumed him whole, gulped him down till her lips touched his hairless pelvis, held him still inside her, then slowly raised her head, lust-drunk orbs glowing purple in the shadows of her hat. Her sudden eye contact shook his insides. Watching her watching him intensified the whole tongue-lathering experience, urging a connection he couldn’t run away from despite his unreadiness. Her eyes ensnared him with more dominion than her lips ever could. Ash, Wally, some kid in the wild, whoever he was, he was hers now. His shaky stare darted between her occupied lips and the fixation in her eyes, silent pleasures of submission trickling from his dry, hung mouth.

He thought her three-finger shuffle had been amazing but Serena outdid herself with this strange, wicked combination of massaging lips and dutiful tongue. She really got into it, too, moaning round her meal as she took in the whole, swollen thing with every swoop of her head, faster, hungrier. Her heart-shaped ass, left hovering above her head, jiggled from her jerking motions, jiggled so much her skirt came one good jiggle away from spilling onto her back. He could only imagine what generous view she was gifting any critters behind her.

The helpful-teen-turned-vampire sucked his penis, and sucked it good. Real good. Too good. That mounting pressure was building up again. Wally closed his eyes for one heavenly second but woke up when he felt something go missing: her lips.

Serena took a huge breath, as though she'd just emerged from the bottom of the deepest ocean, and wiped his taste from her mouth. "Fuck, Ash. You're delicious. Your dick feels so good in my mouth I just want to swallow the whole thing!"

Wally broke into a nervous sweat. "Swa... swallow it?" Girls did that, too? B-but, he still needed his wiener to pee, and stuff. She couldn't swallow it! "I... don't know about all that." He threw both hands over his boyhood, hiding it from the crazed glint in her eyes.

Spittle drooped then detached from the corner of her lips, landed on her right tit, rolled down the succulent slope and glazed her nipple. Nipples, he noticed, that had grown significantly pointier and puffier than they'd been minutes ago, large pink Tic Tacs swelling from her bosom. Milk came out of nipples, that much he knew, and their swollenness gave the impression of imminent release. More than that, the tip of his tongue itched with the instinct to pluck them into his mouth; just when he thought his suckling phase was behind him.

She noticed him noticing and followed his gaze to her chest. Her lips curled into a wry grin. "Oh, that's right," she said, "grown a little since the last time you saw them, huh?" Sounded like this Ash guy had an appreciation for boobies, too. "You can look," she said, giggling as the bashful boy tried not to stare. "Here, let me do this..."

Serena met little resistance peeling the small hands away from his erection and lowering her exposed chest in their place. Wally swallowed a gasp as her bountiful breasts swallowed his boyhood between them, so completely enwrapped he couldn't see his tip down her cleavage. She squished her tits together and rubbed them in circles, rubbed him in circles, and up and down, massaging him meticulously with the tenderest of tender tit-meat.

Wally didn't have a horse to hold on to. He clawed and dug out the grass at his sides, his hips wriggling under the weight and coaxing of her bosom. Those hard, pointed nipples wobbled as her boobs bounced on his midriff in hypnotic rhythm. His eyes may not have turned purple but Wally appeared transfixed all the same.

Something came over him too, made sense of this senseless act, pushed her penis swallowing threat to the back of his mind. Everything she'd done to his wiener only spurred on incremental pleasure. She didn't want to hurt or embarrass him. He could see that now, feel it. All these strange changes afflicting his body had thrust him in a whirlpool of anxiety and confusion. No one had addressed him about them, nor warned him, nor took his hand

and walked him through the process. No one even knew. No one but this kind stranger who'd been willing to lend him a hand, and even more of her body. He might not have known half of what was happening while she rubbed his penis with her bare breasts but, strangely, he felt he could trust her.

Her sultry gaze held onto his as she raised her bosom from his crotch area. He felt the need to say something but 'don't go' got caught in his throat, abraded to a croaky whimper by the time it reached his lips. She got the message though, if not in his words, in his twitchy body language. "I know you're excited, Ash, but you need to relax."

Yeah, 'excited' was one way of putting it; his chest visibly swelled with fluttery anticipation. What more could possibly happen? Serena had upped the ante at every unexpected juncture and he imagined the trend would continue.

He fought the boyish instinct to cover up his penis as she planted her knees on either side of him. What was the point anyway? She'd already seen it, enveloped her tits around it and stuck the whole thing in her mouth! If she wasn't appalled at how it had gotten all rigid and upright, why should he be? He certainly wasn't appalled by her erect nipples. Witnessing her body parts transform in ways reminiscent of his own gave him some notion of normalcy, or at least the feeling he wasn't going through it all alone. It was with budding confidence his wiener pointed up her little, red skirt.

She lifted said skirt with a swipe of her hand. Wally found himself staring at a black lace wedgie in the girl's crotch. He noticed immediately her lack of gonads, a mere slit where he had bits hanging and dangling. Girls and boys sure were different, though he'd never seen the extent of those differences this up close and personal. So many questions, like where did she pee from? Did it hurt when her panties got stuffed in there? Why couldn't he blink? Why did staring at it make his penis throb with excitement, like it had just seen a long-lost friend after years of absence?

Hot pink tinted the teenager's cheeks. Wait, was she actually embarrassed to show him her private parts? There'd been no shortage of confidence in anything she'd done up to this point. Could it be that she'd never gone this far with a boy before?

Serena pulled her thong from her sex with a finger and swept it aside, revealing engorged labia and sparse pubes sticking out her knickers. And that was how Wally learned girls grew hair down there, a brow-raising surprise. He'd always imagined their lack of facial

hair translated to the rest of their soft, smooth bodies. Between the two of them, he might've been the smoother youth, his pelvic region devoid of a single curl. Interesting. Would the same happen to him when he reached her age?

He watched curiously as the teenager moved her hovering crotch over the peak of his erection. She coiled her digits around his stiffness and held him steady. "H-hey..." He recoiled. "What are you trying to..."

His eyes grew fourfold when her lowering sex touched the crown of his penis and *still* continued moving south, parting down the middle to take him *inside* her! Wally gasped. Found himself enveloped in incredible warmth and tightness, his virginity disappearing inside her one inch at a time. *Amazing!!* Amazing how nature worked, how their vastly different private parts came together like the perfect puzzle pieces, how her face turned to ecstasy when she'd lowered herself all the way down.

Serena set free a satisfied sigh, a lifelong dream satiated.

It took Wally a minute to get over the fact his wiener was actually *inside* a girl's vagina! H-how?! What?! Nothing could ever feel better than this, he thought – then she started moving.

Slowly, up and down, she swathed his penis with heat and wetness. He moaned at the sleek grip of her sugarwalls. The pressure in his loins came back, quicker than he could prepare for...

Wally peed. Inside her. He felt the hot stream shoot up his penis. Mortified, he prayed she wouldn't notice, but how could anyone not notice someone peeing inside them?

"Uh?" Serena suddenly froze. He gulped. She looked down. "Did you just –"

"I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to! I didn't even know I needed to go! I-I-I..." His blathering trailed off when he noticed something peculiar about the 'pee' oozing out of Serena and down his shaft. It was the wrong colour. And thicker than it should've been, looked more like white goo than golden pee. He tilted his head at his milky substance, befuddled.

"Oh my goodness, already?!" Serena cried gleefully, "Look at all that cum!"

"Cum...?"

“You trying to get me pregnant, Ash Ketchum?”

“Pregnant? No! I didn’t even –”

“Shh.” She bent down and whispered huskily in his ear. “I didn’t say it would be a bad thing if you did.” She smothered his stumbling lips with her mouth. And that was how Wally got his first kiss. It was hot and wet and hurried. Her strong tongue infiltrated his orifice and outwrestled his. And somehow, his penis hardened again. “Good boy.” She petted the sides of his face and pecked his forehead.

Before he knew it, Wally was being ridden rampantly by the horny teen. The appearance of his creamy pee, or ‘cum’ as she’d called it, only invigorated her. It made squishy noises as her bouncing, grinding cunt smeared white on his pelvis. She laid both hands on his chest, almost enough strength to cave in his ribcage, and rocked her hips back and forth, her little skirt fluttering off and on her ass. Moans and groans and cries of ‘Ash’ stirred their corner of the woods. Wally barely felt the itchy grass on his backside amid getting humped for all he was worth. Serena’s tongue hung out her mouth and her eyes turned into big, pulsating hearts as she rode on euphoria in her own reality.

“Ooh, yes!” she cried. “I want you to breed me, Ash!”

Wally chuckled nervously between grunts. “You want me to... what?”

She lied on her back and pulled him on top of her, his penis still rigid in her sopping cunt. “Breed me,” she reiterated, “Breed me right now, right here.” She grabbed his ass cheeks and moved him in and out until he gathered the wits to pump her teenage pussy on his own.

So, this was breeding? He and Serena were... mating, like the pokémon at Mrs. Suzie’s Pokémon Nursery did? That must’ve meant it was all natural. Natural for his wiener to grow and swell and harden and plough through the slit between girls’ legs. Wally’s hips seemed to buck on their own, plap plap plapping against that pussy. This must’ve been what his body wanted him to do to Kasumi when he saw her in that leotard.

Unable to resist the perky breasts pointing up his nose, Wally popped one into his mouth whilst burying his hard wiener inside her again and again. She squealed when his tongue rolled over her hard nipples. Pants down to his knees, pokémon high in the trees watched his small, bare buttocks bouncing between the teen’s long, stocking-clad legs. Her

hat and glasses fell back, her honey-blonde hair sprawled out beneath her. Rubbing herself frantically, she urged him to cum in high-pitched cries and, though he still didn't know what it was exactly or why she craved it, his body was all but willing to comply.

Wally jizzed more of the white goo into the teen's welcoming womb.

Her expression turned full ahead. "Thank you... Ash..." The words trembled from her lips before she passed out.

"S-Serena?" The sweaty-faced boy extracted himself from the comatose girl. Dribbles of his seed leaked out his rapidly-softening penis. He appeared to be back to normal, the fogginess of his mind all but dissipated, replaced by a worrisome disgust at what had just happened. "Serena, are you okay?"

He couldn't get her to rise patting either side of her face. *Is she... dead?!* He pressed his ear against her chest and breathed a sigh of relief at her heartbeat. Why would she be dead anyway? He hadn't done anything to harm her; she'd practically begged him to...

A flashback of his hard penis going in and out of her startled him, dropped him back on his arse. "What have I done?" he whispered over her unconscious body. Thank goodness no one had seen any of it. He jumped to his feet then lifted his pants and underwear up from the knees. The thought of running crossed his mind, but he stopped himself and took pity on her precarious state. He pulled her shirt over her boobs, raised her panties over her sex then patted her skirt down to preserve her privacy.

"There," he said, somewhat satisfied. At least she wouldn't be immediately humiliated by the next person who might stumble upon her. He would've moved her body behind a discreet bush but he could barely lift her dead calves in his weak arms, let alone drag her full weight across the grass. She'd just have to forgive him for that – assuming they'd ever meet again; assuming she'd remember anything if they did. "Hm..." He wondered.

Kneeling down, Wally peeled one of her eyes half-open and noted a tinge of sapphire on the bottom of her iris, where the purple had begun to recede from its overcast veneer. She was going back to normal, too.

Wally couldn't be here when she woke up.

*Why not? It's what you wanted, isn't it?*

He jumped and looked around for the source of the voice. But no one was there. No one, but... “Ralts?”

The diminutive psychic-type emerged from the same bushes his Poké Ball had disappeared into. Its frontal horn glowed the same cerise shade that had consumed Serena’s eyes, and its voice emerged in Wally’s brain. *‘You wanted to breed with that human.’*

Wally waved his hands in fret. “Did not!”

*‘Yeah, you did. For some reason, I can read your emotions better than I’ve been able to other humans or pokémon.’*

He blinked. “You can?”

*‘Yup. And you definitely wanted to breed her. So I... helped you out, a little.’*

His cheeks turned tomato-red. Thinking back to when he’d first encountered Serena, Wally had certainly ‘noticed’ certain things about her, and maybe even taken a curious liking to her. But *breeding* her??? No way! The thought hadn’t stepped a toe in his mind. Whatever Ralts claimed to have sense must’ve been an involuntary physiological reaction, and even then, “I never asked you to hypnotise the girl!”

*‘Yeah, you did. Not in so many words, but...’*

Wally pinched his furrowed brow. *‘You mean to tell me this was all my fault? My doing?’* He couldn’t bare to look at the unconscious Serena. “Is she going to remember?” he asked, solemnly.

*‘I don’t know.’*

“You don’t know? You used Hypnotise and don’t even know the effect of your own Move?” Unbelievable.

*‘I wasn’t even sure it would work on humans.’*

“That’s... so careless.” Wally sighed hopelessly.

*‘If only I had someone to guide me...’*

“You can say that again.” He played the words back in his mind three times before the implication sank in. “Wait, you mean, you’re looking for a Trainer?”

*'And you're looking for a pokémon.'*

Yes, he was. At least Ralts read that part right. All things considered, this would work out great for Wally. He'd capture his first pokémon after all, who also happened to be the only party to witness what happened to the unsuspecting Serena.

He picked up the empty Poké Ball lying next to her motionless body and secured Ralts without a fuss. "Wow." If that wasn't a unique way to attain your Starter, he didn't know what was.

...

Some weeks later, Wally happened to be traversing Route 104 when he heard a girl call out to him excitedly. "Ash!?"

He whirled around but didn't recognise the brunette in a bulging red top and dark bike shorts. "Uh... hi?"

"Oh." She blinked stupidly after trotting up to him and getting a closer look. "You're not Ash."

"Uh, nope." *Who the heck is this Ash guy anyway?*

"Ah well. Nice hat though."

"Thanks." He swiped the rid brim of his League Cap, a popular choice amongst male Trainers.

"I'm May by the way." She proffered her hand. "Nice to meet you, uh..."

"Wally." He shook her hand.

"Aww, that's a cute name for a cute little guy. Are you a Trainer, too? You seem kinda young to be out here in these woods on your own."

He got that a lot. A part of him was ready to set her straight right there and then, but when he looked up to address her, the biggest pair of tits he'd ever seen blocked the bottom half of her face. "Uh..." he droned nonsensically for a minute before reconstructing his

response. “Well... I’m actually just starting out... I was hoping to catch my first pokémon today...”

“Owh, really? That’s so precious!” She beamed from ear to ear. “Say, I got a little free time on my hands, I wouldn’t mind showing you the ropes if you’d like?”

Wally, with sweat running down his face and his unblinking eyes glued to her bursting top, nodded eagerly and droned, “That sounds like a splendid idea...”

Moments later, May’s big, spandex-covered tush poked out of an inconspicuous bush whilst she rummaged for a Poké Ball he’d accidentally-on-purpose thrown inside. “Sheesh, you really put a lot of mustard into that pitch, didn’t you?” May said. “Good throw but you seriously need to work on your aim if you’re gonna catch any pokémon.”

“Oh... uh... oops?” Distracted, with his head tilted to the side, Wally gawked at the big butt wiggling before him, his trousers becoming tighter and tighter. “I’m sure it’s in there... somewhere...”

“Like, seriously,” she went on, “how deep did you throw –”

*FLASH!*

Bright purple flickered across his mischievous features.

*Thank you, Ralts.*

**THE END**

**Author's Notes:** Thanks for reading! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at [lemonzsauce.com](http://lemonzsauce.com) or hit me up at [reviews@lemonzsauce.com](mailto:reviews@lemonzsauce.com). I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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...

Special credit goes to *Achro* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

<https://www.patreon.com/achro>

As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*